

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING.—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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VOL. I.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN,
SPANISH, AND ENGLISH

Truth severe, by fiction dressed.—GAY.

THE GHOST WITH THE GOLDEN CASKET.

On the Scottish side of the sea of Solway, you may see from Allanbay and Skinverness the beautiful old castle of Caerlaverock, standing on a small woody promontory, bounded by the river Nith on one side, by the deep sea on another, by the almost impassable morass of Solway on a third; while far beyond, you observe the three spires of Dumfries, and the high green hills of Dalswinton and Keir. It was formerly the residence of the almost princely names of Douglas, Seaton, Kirkpatrick, and Maxwell: it is now the dwelling-place of the hawk and the owl; its courts are a lair for cattle, and its walls afford a midnight shelter to the passing smuggler; or, like those of the city doomed in scripture, are places for the fishermen to dry their nets. Between this fine old ruin and the banks of the Nith, at the foot of a grove of pines, and within a stone-cast of tide mark, the remains of a rude cottage are yet visible to the curious eye—the bramble and the wild-plum have in vain tried to triumph over the huge, gray, granite blocks which composed the foundations of its walls. The vestiges of a small garden may still be traced, more particularly in summer, when roses and lilies, and other relics of its former beauty, begin to open their bloom, clinging amid the neglect and desolation of the place, with something like human affection to the soil. This rustic ruin presents no attractions to the eye of the profound antiquary, compared to those of its more stately companion, Caerlaverock Castle; but with this rude cottage and its garden, tradition connects a tale so wild, and so moving, as to elevate it, in the contemplation of the peasantry, above all the princely feasts and feudal atrocities of its neighbour.

It is now some fifty years since I visited the parish of Caerlaverock; but the memory of its people, its scenery, and the story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket, are as fresh with me as matters of yesterday. I had walked out to the river bank one sweet afternoon of July, when the fishermen were hastening to dip their nets in the coming tide, and the broad waters of the Solway sea were swelling and leaping against bank and cliff, as far as the eye could reach. It was studded over with boats, and its more unfrequented bays were white with waterfowl. I sat down on a small grassy mound between the cottage ruins and the old garden plat, and gazed, with all the hitherto untasted pleasures of a stranger, on the beautiful scene before me. On the right, and beyond the river, the mouldering relics of the ancient religion of Scotland ascended in unassimilating beauty, above the humble kirk of New-Abbey and its squalid village; farther to the south rose the white sharp cliffs of Barnhourie—while on the left stood the ancient keeps of Cumlongan, and Torthorald, and the Castle of Caerlaverock. Over the whole looked the stately green mountain of Criffel, confronting its more stately, but

less beautiful neighbour, Skiddaw; while between them flowed the deep, wide sea of Solway, hemmed with cliff, and castle, and town. As I sat looking on the increasing multitude of waters, and watching the success of the fishermen, I became aware of the approach of an old man, leading, as one would conduct a dog in a string, a fine young milch cow, in a halter of twisted hair, which, passing through the ends of two pieces of flat wood, fitted to the animal's cheek-bones, pressed her nose, and gave her great pain whenever she became disobedient. The cow seemed willing to enjoy the luxury of a browse on the rich pasture which surrounded the little ruined cottage; but in this humble wish she was not to be indulged—for the aged owner, coiling up the tether, and seizing her closely by the head, conducted her past the tempting herbage, towards a small and close-cropt hillock, a good stone-cast distant. In this piece of self-denial the animal seemed reluctant to sympathize—she snuffed the fresh green pasture, and plunged, and started, and nearly broke away. What the old man's strength seemed nearly unequal to, was accomplished by speech:—"Bonnie lady, bonnie lady," said he, in a soothing tone, "it canna be, it mauna be—hinnie! hinnie! what would become of my three bonnie grand-bairns, made fatherless and motherless by that false flood afore us, if they supped milk, and tasted butter, that came from the greensward of this doomed and unblest spot?" The animal appeared to comprehend something in her own way from the speech of her owner: she abated her resistance; and indulging only in a passing glance at the rich deep herbage, passed on to her destined pasture. I had often heard of the singular superstitions of the Scottish peasantry, and that every hillock had its song, every hill its ballad, and every valley its tale. I followed with my eye the old man and his cow—he went but a little way, till, seating himself on the ground, retaining still the tether in his hand, he said, "Now, bonnie lady, feast thy fill on this good greensward; it is hale some and holy, compared to the sward at the doomed cottage of auld Gibbie Gyrape—leave that to smugglers' nags: Willie o' Brandyburn and Roaring Jock o' Kempstane will ca' the haunted ha' a hained bit—they are godless fearnoughts." I looked at the person of the peasant: he was a stout, hale old man, with a weather-beaten face, furrowed something by time, and, perhaps, by sorrow. Though summer was at its warmest, he wore a broad chequered mantle, fastened at the bosom with a skewer of steel—a broad bonnet, from beneath the circumference of which straggled a few thin locks, as white as driven snow, shining like amber, and softer than the finest flax—while his legs were warmly cased in blue-ribbed boot-hose. Having laid his charge to the grass, he looked leisurely around him, and espying me—a stranger, and dressed above the manner of the peasantry, he acknowledged my presence by touching his bonnet; and, as if willing to communicate something of importance, he stuck the tether-stake in the ground, and came to the old garden fence. Wishing to know the peasant's reasons for avoiding the ruins, I thus addressed him:—"This is a pretty spot, my aged friend, and the herbage looks so fresh and abundant, that

I would advise thee to bring thy charge hither; and while she continued to browse, I would gladly listen to the history of thy white locks—for they seem to have been bleached in many tempests." "Ay, ay," said the peasant, shaking his white head with a grave smile, "they have braved sundry tempests between sixteen and sixty; but, touching this pasture, Sir, I know nobody who would like their cows to crop it—the aged cattle shun the place—the bushes bloom, but bear no fruit—the birds never build in the branches—the children never come near to play—and the aged never choose it for a resting place; but, pointing it out, as they pass, to the young, tell them the story of its desolation. Sae ye see, Sir, having no good will to such a spot of earth myself, I like little to see a stranger sitting in such an unblest place; and I would as good as advise ye to come owre with me to the cowslip knoll—there are reasons mony that an honest man should nae sit there." I arose at once, and seating myself beside the peasant on the cowslip knoll, desired to know something of the history of the spot from which he had just warned me. The Caledonian looked on me with an air of embarrassment:—"I am just thinking," said he, "that as ye are an Englishman, I should nae acquaint ye with such a story. Ye'll make it, I'm doubting, a matter of reproach and vaunt, when ye gae hame, how Willie Borlan o' Caerlaverock told ye a tale of Scottish iniquity, that cowed all the stories in southron book or history." This unexpected obstacle was soon removed—"My sage and considerate friend," I said, "I have the blood in my bosom will keep me from revealing such a tale to the scoffer and scerner. I am something of a Caerlaverock man—the grandson of Marion Stobie o' Dookdub." The peasant seized my hand:—"Marion Stobie! bonnie Marion Stobie o' Dookdub—whom I wooed sae sair, and loved sae lang! Man, I love ye for her sake; and well was it for her braw English bridegroom, that William Borlan—frail and faded now, but strong and in manhood then—was a thousand miles from Caerlaverock, rolling on the salt sea, when she was bridled:—ye have the glance of her e'e; I could have ken't ye among ten thousand, gray as my head is. I shall tell the grandson of bonnie Marion Stobie any tale he likes to ask for; and the Story of the Ghost and the Golden Casket shall be foremost."

"You may imagine, then," said the old Caerlaverock peasant, rising at once with the commencement of his story from his native dialect into very passable English, "you may imagine these ruined walls raised again in their beauty—whitened, and covered with a coating of green broom; that garden, now desolate, filled with herbs in their season, and with flowers, hemmed round with a fence of cherry and plum trees; and the whole possessed by a young fisherman, who won a fair subsistence for his wife and children from the waters of the Solway sea: you may imagine it, too, as far from the present time as fifty years. There are only two persons living now, who remember when the Bonne-Homme-Richard, the first ship ever Richard Faulder commanded, was wrecked on the Pellock-sand;—one of those persons now addresses you—the other is the fisherman who once owned that cottage—whose

name ought never to be named, and whose life seems lengthened as a warning to the earth how fierce God's judgments are. Life changes—all breathing things have their time and their season: but the Solway flows in the same beauty—Criffel rises in the same majesty—the light of morning comes, and the full moon arises now, as they did then;—but this moralizing matters little. It was about the middle of harvest—I remember the day well—it had been sultry and suffocating, accompanied by rushings of wind, sudden convulsions of the water, and cloudings of the sun: I heard my father sigh, and say, 'dool—dool to them found on the deep sea to-night—there will happen strong storm and fearful tempest.' The day closed, and the moon came over Skiddaw: all was perfectly clear and still; frequent dashings and whirling agitations of the sea were soon heard mingling with the hasty clang of the waterfowl's wings, as they forsook the waves, and sought shelter among the hollows of the rocks. The storm was nigh. The sky darkened down at once—clap after clap of thunder followed, and lightning flashed so vividly, and so frequent, that the wide and agitated expanse of Solway was visible from side to side—from St. Bees to Barnhourie. A very heavy rain, mingled with hail, succeeded; and a wind accompanied it, so fierce, and so high, that the white foam of the sea was showered as thick as snow on the summit of Caerlaverock Castle. Through this perilous sea, and amid this darkness and tempest, a bark was observed coming swiftly down the middle of the sea—her sails rent—and her decks crowded with people. The caary, as it is called, of the tempest was direct from St. Bees to Caerlaverock; and experienced swains could see that the bark would be driven full on the fatal shoals of the Scottish side; but the lightning was so fierce that few dared venture to look on the approaching vessel, or take measures for endeavouring to preserve the lives of the unfortunate mariners. My father stood on the threshold of his door, and beheld all that passed in the bosom of the sea. The bark approached fast—her canvass rent to threads, her masts nearly levelled with the deck, and the sea foaming over her so deep, and so strong, as to threaten to sweep the remains of her crew from the little refuge the broken masts and splintered beams still afforded them. She now seemed within half a mile of the shore, when a strong flash of lightning, that appeared to hang over the bark for a moment, showed the figure of a lady, richly dressed, clinging to a youth who was pressing her to his bosom. My father exclaimed, 'Saddle me my black horse, and saddle me my gray, and bring them down to the Dead Man's Bank;' and swift in action as he was in resolve, he hastened to the shore, his servants following with his horses. The shore of Solway presented then, as it does now, the same varying line of coast—and the house of my father stood in the bosom of a little bay, nearly a mile from where we sit. The remains of an old forest interposed between the bay at Dead Man's Bank and the bay at our feet; and mariners had learnt to wish that if it were their doom to be wrecked, it might be in the bay of douce William Borlan, rather than that of Gilbert Gyrape, the proprietor of that ruined cottage. But human wishes are

vanities, wished either by sea or land. I have heard my father say he could never forget the cries of the mariners, as the bark struck on the Pellock-bank, and the flood rushed through the chasms made by the concussion; but he would far less forget the agony of a lady, the loveliest that could be looked upon—and the calm and affectionate courage of the young man who supported her, and endeavoured to save her from destruction. Richard Faulder, the only man who survived, has often sat at my fireside, and sung me a very rude, but a very moving ballad, which he made on this accomplished and unhappy pair; and the old mariner assured me he had only added rhymes, and a descriptive line or two to the language in which Sir William Musgrave endeavoured to soothe and support his wife."

It seemed a thing truly singular, that at this very moment two young fishermen, who sat on the margin of the sea below us, watching their halve-nets, should sing, and with much sweetness, the very song the old man had described. They warbled verse and verse alternately—and rock and bay seemed to retain, and then release the sound.—Nothing is so sweet as a song by the sea-side on a tranquil evening.

SIR WILLIAM MUSGRAVE.

First Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, why do you weep?
Though the wind be loosed on the raging deep,
Though the heaven be mirker than milk may be,
And our frail bark ships a fearful sea—
Yet thou art safe, as on that sweet night
When our bridal candlegleam'd far and bright."
There came a shriek, and there came a sound,
And the Solway roared, and the ship spun round.

Second Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, why do you cry?
Though the waves be flashing topmast high,
Tho' our frail bark yields to the dashing brine,
And heaven and earth show no saving sign,
There is one who comes in the time of need,
And curbs the waves as we curb a steed."
The lightning came with the whirlwind blast,
And cleaved the prow, and smote down the mast.

First Fisherman.

"O lady, lady, weep not, nor wail,
Though the sea runs howe as Dalswinton vale,
Then flashes high as Barnhoorle brave,
And yawns for thee, like the yearning grave;
Though 'twixt thee and the ravening flood
There is but my arm, and this splintering wood,
The fell quicksand, or the famish'd brine,
Can ne'er harm a face so fair as thine.

Both.

"O lady, lady, be bold and brave;
Spread thy white breast to the fearful wave,
And cling to me, with that white right hand,
And I'll set thee safe on the good dry land."
A lightning flash on the shallow strook,
The Solway roar'd, and Caerlaverock shook;
From the sinking ship there were shriekings cast,
That were heard above the tempest's blast.

The young fishermen having concluded their song, my companion proceeded:—"The lightning still flashed vivid and fast, and the storm raged with unabated fury; for between the ship and the shore the sea broke in frightful undulation, and leaped on the greensward several fathoms deep abreast. My father mounted on one horse, and holding another in his hand, stood prepared to give all the aid that a brave man could, to the unhappy mariners; but neither horse nor man could endure the onset of that tremendous surge. The bark bore for a time the fury of the element; but a strong eastern wind came suddenly upon her, and, crushing her between the wave and the free-stone bank, drove her from the entrance of my father's little bay towards the dwelling of Gibbie Gyrape—and the thick forest intervening, she was out of sight in a moment. My father saw, for the last time, the lady and her husband looking shoreward from the side of the vessel, as she drifted along; and as he galloped round the head of the forest, he heard for the last time the outcry of some, and the wail and intercession of others. When he came before the fisherman's house, a fearful sight presented itself:—the ship, dashed to atoms, covered the shore with

its wreck, and with the bodies of the mariners; not a living soul escaped, save Richard Faulder, whom the fiend who guides the spectre-shallop of Solway had rendered proof to perils on the deep. The fisherman himself came suddenly from his cottage, all dripping and drenched. 'O, Gilbert, Gilbert, what a fearful sight is this!—has heaven blessed thee with making thee the means of saving a human soul?' 'Nor soul nor body have I saved,' said the fisherman, doggedly; 'I have done my best; the storm proved too stark, and the lightning too fierce, for me: their boat alone came near with a lady and a casket of gold—but she was swallowed up with the surge.' My father confessed afterwards, that he was touched with the tone in which these words were delivered, and made answer, 'If thou hast done thy best to save souls to-night, a bright reward will be thine; if thou hast been fonder for gain than for working the mariners' redemption, thou hast much to answer for.'—As he uttered these words, an immense wave rolled landward as far as the place where they stood; it almost left its foam on their faces, and, suddenly receding, deposited at their feet the dead body of the lady. As my father lifted her in his arms, he observed that the jewels which had adorned her hair, at that time worn long, had been forcibly rent away; the diamonds and gold that enclosed her neck, and ornamented the bosom of her rich satin dress, had been torn off; the rings removed from her fingers; and on her neck, lately so lily-white and pure, there appeared the marks of hands—not laid there in love and gentleness, but with a fierce and deadly grasp.—The lady was buried with the body of her husband, side by side, in Caerlaverock burial-ground. My father never openly accused Gilbert the fisherman of having murdered the lady for her riches, as she reached the shore, preserved, as was supposed, from sinking, by her long, wide, and stiff satin robes; but from that hour till the hour of his death, my father never broke bread with him—never shook him or his by the hand—nor spoke with them in wrath or love. The fisherman, from that time, too, waxed rich and prosperous; and from being the needy proprietor of a halve-net, and the tenant at will of a rude cottage, he became, by purchase, lord of a handsome inheritance; proceeded to build a bonny mansion, and called it Gyrape-ha; and became a leading man in a flock of a purer kind of Presbyterians; and a precept and example to the community.

"Though the portioner of Gyrape-ha prospered wondrously, his claims to patriarchal distinction, and the continuance of his fortune, were treated with scorn by many, and with doubt by all: though nothing open or direct was said—looks, more cutting at times than the keenest speech, and actions, still more expressive, showed that the hearts of honest men were alienated.—the cause was left to his own interpretation. The peasant scrupled to become his servant, sailors hesitated to receive his grain on board, lest perils should find them on the deep; the beggar ceased to solicit an alms; the drover and horse-couper, an unscrupling generation, found out a more distant mode of concluding bargains than by shaking his hand; his daughters, handsome and blue-eyed, were neither wooed nor married; no maiden would hold tryste with his sons, though maidens were then as little loth as they are now; and the aged peasant, as he passed his new mansion, would shake his head and say—'The voice of spilt blood will be lifted up against thee, and a spirit shall come up from the waters will make the cornerstone of thy habitation tremble and quake. It happened during the summer which succeeded this unfortunate shipwreck, that I accompanied my father to the Solway, to examine his nets. It was near

midnight—the tide was making, and I sat down by his side and watched the coming of the waters. The shore was glittering in starlight as far as the eye could reach. Gilbert, the fisherman, had that morning removed from his cottage to his new mansion; the former was, therefore, untenanted—and the latter, from its vantage ground on the crest of the hill, threw down to us the sound of mirth, and music, and dancing—a revelry common to Scotland, on taking possession of a new house. As we lay quietly looking on the swelling sea, and observing the waterfowl swimming and ducking in the increasing waters, the sound of the merriment became more audible. My father listened to the mirth.—looked to the sea—looked to the deserted cottage, and then to the new mansion, and said, 'My son, I have a counsel to give thee—treasure it in thy heart, and practise it in thy life: the daughters of him of Gyrape-ha are fair, and have an eye that would wile away the wits of the wisest; their father has wealth—I say nought of the way he came by it—they will have golden portions doubtless. But I would rather lay thy head aneath the gowans in Caerlaverock kirk-yard—and son have I none beside thee—than see thee lay it on the bridal pillow with the begotten of that man, though she had Nithsdale for her dowry. Let not my words be as seed sown on the ocean. I may not now tell thee why this warning is given.—Before that fatal shipwreck, I would have said, Prudence Gyrape, in her kirtle, was a better bride than some who have golden dowers. I have often thought some one would see a sight; and often, while holding my halve-net in the midnight tide, have I looked for something to appear—for where blood is shed, there doth the spirit haunt for a time, and give warning to man. May I be strengthened to endure the sight?' I answered not, being accustomed to regard my father's counsel as a matter not to be debated, as a solemn command: we heard something like the rustling of wings on the water, accompanied by a slight curling motion of the tide. 'God haud his right hand about us!' said my father, breathing thick with emotion and awe, and looking on the sea with a gaze so intense that his eyes seemed to dilate, and the hair of his forehead to project forward, and bristle into life. I looked, but observed nothing, save a long line of thin and quivering light dancing along the surface of the sea; it ascended the bank, on which it seemed to linger for a moment, and then entering the fisherman's cottage, made roof and rafter gleam with a sudden illumination. 'I'll tell thee what, Gibbie Gyrape,' said my father; 'I wouldna be the owner of thy heart, and the proprietor of thy right hand, for all the treasures in earth and ocean.'—A loud and piercing scream from the cottage made us thrill with fear, and in a moment the figures of three human beings rushed into the open air, and ran towards us with a swiftness which supernatural dread alone could inspire. We instantly knew them to be three noted smugglers, who infested the country; and rallying when they found my father maintain his ground, they thus mingled their fears and the secrets of their trade,—for terror fairly overpowered their habitual caution. 'I vow by the night-tide, and the crooked timber,' said Willie Weethause, 'I never beheld sic a light as yon since our distillation pipe took fire, and made a burnt instead of a drink-offering of our spirits: I'll uphold it comes for nae good—a warning, may be—sae ye may gang on, Wattie Bouseaway, wi' yere wickedness; as for me, I've gang hame and repent.'—'Saulless bodie!' said his companion, whose natural hardihood was considerably supported by his communion with the brandy cup.—'Saulless bodie! for a flaff o' fire and a maiden's shadow would ye forswear the gallant trade. Saul to gude! but auld Miller Morison shall turn yere thrapple into a drain-pipe

to wyse the waste water from his mill, if ye turn back now, and help us nae through with as strong an importation as ever cheered the throat and cheeped on the crapin. Confound the fizenless bodie! he glowers as if this fine starlight were something frae the worst side of the world, and thae staring een o' his are busy snatching heaven's sweetest and balmiest air into the figures of wraiths and goblins.'—'Robin Telfer,' said my father, addressing the third smuggler, 'tell me nought of the secrets of your perilous craft—but tell me what you have seen, and why ye uttered that fearful scream that made the wood-doves start from Caerlaverock pines.'—'I'll tell ye what, goodman,' said the mariner, 'I have seen the fires o' heaven running as thick along the sky, and on the surface of the ocean, as ye ever saw the blaze on a bowl o' punch at a merry-making, and neither quaked nor screamed; but ye'll mind the light that came to that cottage to-night was one for some fearful purport—which let the wise expound; sae it lessened nae one's courage to quail for sic an apparition. Od! if I thought living soul would ever make the start I gied an upcast to me, I'd drill his breast-bane wi' my dirk like a turnip lanthorn.'—My father mollified the wrath of this maritime desperado, by assuring him he beheld the light go from the sea to the cottage, and that he shook with terror, for it seemed no common light. 'Oo, God!' then said hopeful Robin, 'since it was one o' our ain cannie sea apparitions I care less about it; I took it for some landward sprite! and now I think on't, where were my een? did it no stand amang its ain light, with its long banks of hair dripping and drenched; with a casket of gold in ae hand, and the other guarding its throat. I'll be bound it's the ghost o' some sossie lass that has had her neck nipped for her gold; and had she stayed till I emptied the bicker o' brandy, I would have asked a cannie question or twae.' Willie Weethause had now fairly overcome his consternation, and began to feel all his love for the gallant trade, as his comrade called it, return. 'The tide serves, lads! the tide serves,—let us slip our drap o' brandy into the bit bonnie boat, and tottle away amang the sweet starlight as far as the Kingholm or the town quarry—ye ken we have to meet Baillie Gardevine, and Laird Soukaway o' Ladlemouth.' They returned, not without hesitation and fear, to the old cottage; carried their brandy to the boat; and as my father and I went home, we heard the dipping of their oars in the Nith—along the banks of which they sold their liquor, and told their tale of fear, magnifying its horror at every step, and introducing abundance of variations.

The story of the Ghost with the Golden Casket flew over the country side with all its variations, and with many comments: some said they saw her, and some thought they saw her appear again—and those who had the hardihood to keep watch on the beach at midnight, had their tales to tell of terrible lights and strange visions. With one who delighted in the marvellous, the spectre was decked in attributes that made the circle of auditors tighten round the hearth; while others, who allowed to a ghost only a certain quantity of thin air to clothe itself in, reduced it in their description to a very unpoetic shadow, or a kind of better sort of will-o'-the-wisp, that could for its own amusement counterfeit the human shape. There were many who, like my father, beheld the singular illumination appear at midnight on the coast; saw also something sailing along with it in the form of a lady in bright garments, her hair long and wet, and shining in diamonds—and heard a struggle, and the shriek as of a creature drowning. The belief of the peasantry did not long confine the apparition to the sea-coast—it was seen sometimes late at night far inland, and following Gilbert the

fisherman, like a human shadow—like a pure light—like a white garment—and often in the shape, and with the attributes, in which it disturbed the carousal of the smugglers. I heard douce Thomas Haining—a God-fearing man, and an elder of the Burgher congregation, and on whose word I could well lippen, when drink was kept from his head—I heard him say that as he rode home late from the Roodfair of Dumfries—the night was dark—there lay a dusting of snow on the ground, and no one appeared on the road but himself—he was lifting and singing the cannie end of the auld sang—“There’s a cuttie stool in our Kirk”—which was made on some foolish quean’s misfortune, when he heard the sound of horses’ feet behind him at full gallop, and ere he could look round, who should flee past, urging his horse with whip and spur, but Gilbert the fisherman! “Little wonder that he galloped,” said the elder, “for a fearful form hovered around him, making many a clutch at him, and with every clutch uttering a shriek most piercing to hear.” But why should I make a long story of a common tale? The curse of spilt blood fell on him, and on his children, and on all he possessed;—his sons and daughters died—his flocks perished—his grain grew, but never filled the ear—and fire came from heaven, or rose from hell, and consumed his house, and all that was therein. He is now a man of ninety years—a fugitive and vagabond on the earth—without a house to put his white head in—with the unexpiated curse still clinging to him.”

While my companion was making this summary of human wretchedness, I observed the figure of a man, stooping to the earth with extreme age, gliding through among the bushes of the ruined cottage, and approaching the advancing tide. He wore a loose great coat, patched to the ground, and fastened round his waist by a belt and buckle; the remains of stockings and shoes on his feet; a kind of fisherman’s cap surmounted some remaining white hairs, while a long peeled stick supported him as he went. My companion gave an involuntary shudder when he saw him.—“Lo, and behold! now, here comes Gilbert the fisherman—once every twenty-four hours doth he come, let the wind and the rain be as they will, to the nightly tide, to work o’er again, in imagination, his auld tragedy of unrighteousness. See how he waves his hand, as if he welcomed some one from sea—he raises his voice, too, as if something in the water required his counsel—and see how he dashes up to the middle, and grapples with the water as if he clutched a human being.” I looked on the old man, and heard him call in a hollow and broken voice—“O hoy! the ship, O hoy!—turn your boat’s head ashore—and my bonnie lady, keep hand o’ yere casket—bech bet! that wave would have sunk a three-decker, let be a slender boat—see—see an’ she binna sailing aboon the water like a wild swan;”—and, wading deeper in the tide as he spoke, he seemed to clutch at something with both hands, and struggle with it in the water—“Na! na! dinna haud your white hands to me—ye wear owre mickle gowd in your hair, and owre many diamonds on your bosom, to ‘scape drowning. There’s a mickle gowd in this casket as would have sunk thee seventy fathom deep.” And he continued to hold his hands under the water, muttering all the while—“She’s half gane now—and I’ll be a braw laird, and build a bonnie house, and gang crounsly to kirk and market—now I may let the waves work their will—my work will be ta’en for theirs.”—He turned to wade to the shore—but a large and heavy wave came full dash on him, and bore him off his feet, and ere any assistance reached him, all human aid was too late—for nature was so exhausted with the fulness of years, and with his exertions, that a spoonful of water would have drowned him.—The body of this miserable old

man was interred, after some opposition from the peasantry, beneath the wall of the kirk-yard; and from that time, the Ghost with the Golden Casket was seen no more, and only continued to haunt the evening tale of the hind and the farmer.

HANS IN LUCK.

From the German.

Hans had served his master seven years, and at last said to him, “Master, my time is up, I should like to go home and see my mother; so give me my wages.” And the master said, “You have been a faithful and good servant, so your pay shall be handsome.” Then he gave him a piece of silver that was as big as his head.

Hans took out his pocket handkerchief, put the piece of silver into it, threw it over his shoulder, and jogged off homewards. As he went lazily on, dragging one foot after another, a man came in sight, trotting along gaily on a capital horse. “Ah!” said Hans aloud, “what a fine thing it is to ride on horseback! there he sits as if he was at home in his chair; he trips against no stones, spares his shoes, and yet gets on he hardly knows how.” The horseman heard this, and said, “Well, Hans, why do you go on foot then?” “Ah!” said he, “I have this load to carry: to be sure it is silver, but it is so heavy that I can’t hold up my head, and it hurts my shoulder, sadly.” “What do you say to changing?” said the horseman: “I will give you my horse, and you shall give me the silver.” “With all my heart,” said Hans; “but I tell you one thing—you’ll have a weary task to drag it along.” The horseman got off, took the silver, helped Hans up, gave him the bridle into his hand, and said, “When you want to go very fast, you must smack your lips loud, and cry ‘Jip!’”

Hans was delighted as he sat on the horse, and rode merrily on. After a time he thought he should like to go a little faster, so he smacked his lips, and cried “Jip!” Away went the horse full gallop; and before Hans knew what he was about, he was thrown off, and lay in a ditch by the road side; and his horse would have run off, if a shepherd who was coming by, driving a cow, had not stooped it. Hans soon came to himself, and got upon his legs again. He was sadly vexed, and said to the shepherd, “This riding is no joke when a man gets on a beast like this, that stumbles and flings him off as if he would break his neck.” However, I am off now once for all: I like your cow a great deal better; one can walk along at one’s leisure behind her, and have milk, butter, and cheese, every day into the bargain. What would I give to have such a cow!” “Well,” said the shepherd, “if you are so fond of her, I will change my cow for your horse.” “Done!” said Hans merrily. The shepherd jumped upon the horse, and away he rode.

Hans drove off his cow quietly, and thought his bargain a very lucky one. “If I have only a piece of bread (and I certainly shall be able to get that,) I can, whenever I like, eat my butter and cheese with it; and when I am thirsty, I can milk my cow and drink the milk: what can I wish for more?” When he came to an inn, he halted, ate up all his bread, and gave away his last penny for a glass of beer; then he drove his cow towards his mother’s village; and the heat grew greater as noon came on, till at last he found himself on a wide heath that would take him more than an hour to cross, and he began to be so hot and parched that his tongue clave to the roof of his mouth. “I can find a cure for this,” thought he; “now will I milk my cow and quench my thirst;” so he tied her to the stump of a tree, and held his leathern cap to milk into; but not a drop was to be had.

While he was trying his luck and managing the matter very clumsily, the uneasy beast gave him a kick on the head that knocked him down, and there he lay a long while senseless. Luckily a butcher soon came by driving a pig in a wheelbarrow, “What is the matter with you?” said the butcher as he helped him up.—Hans told him what had happened, and the butcher gave him a flask, saying, “there, drink and refresh yourself; your cow will give you no milk, she is an old beast, good for nothing but the slaughter-house.” “Alas, alas!” said Hans, “who would have thought it? If I kill her, what will she be good for? I hate cow-beef, it is not tender enough for me. If it were a pig now, one could do something with it; it would at any rate, make some sausages.” “Well,” said the butcher, “to please you, I’ll change, and give you the pig for the cow.” “Heaven reward you for your kindness!” said Hans, as he gave the butcher the cow, and took the pig off the wheelbarrow, and drove it off, holding it by the string that was tied to its leg.

So on he jogged, and all seemed now to go right with him; he had met with some misfortunes, to be sure; but he was now well repaid for all. The next person he met was a countryman carrying a fine white goose under his arm. The countryman stopped to ask what was o’clock; and Hans told him all his luck, and how he had made so many good bargains. The countryman said he was going to take the goose to a christening: “Feel,” said he, “how heavy it is, and yet it is only eight weeks old. Whoever roasts and eats it may cut plenty of fat off it, it has lived so well!” “You’re right,” said Hans, as he weighed it in his hand; “but my pig is no trifle.” Meantime, the countryman began to look grave and shook his head. “Hark ye,” said he, “my good friend, your pig may get you into a scrape; in the village I just come from, the squire has had a pig stolen out of his sty. I was dreadfully afraid, when I saw you, that you had got the squire’s pig; it will be a bad job if they catch you; the least they’ll do, will be to throw you into the horse-pond.”

Poor Hans was sadly frightened. “Good man,” cried he, “pray get me out of this scrape; you know this country better than I, take my pig and give me the goose.” “I ought to have something in to the bargain,” said the countryman; “however I will not bear hard upon you, as you are in trouble.” Then he took the string in his hand, and drove off the pig by a side path; while Hans went on the way homewards free from care. “After all,” thought he, “I have the best of the bargain: first there will be a capital roast; then the fat will find me in goose-grease for six months; and then there are all the beautiful white feathers: I will put them into my pillow, and then I am sure I shall sleep soundly without rocking. How happy my mother will be!”

As he came to the last village, he saw a scissors-grinder, with his wheel, working away, and singing—

O’er hill and o’er dale so happy I roam,
Work light and live well, all the world is my home;
Who so blythe, so merry as I?

Hans stood looking for a while, and at last said, “You must be well off, master grinder, you seem so happy at your work.” “Yes,” said the other, “mine is a golden trade; a good grinder never puts his hand in his pocket without finding money in it: but where did you get that beautiful goose?” “I did not buy it, but changed a pig for it.” “And where did you get the pig?” “I gave a cow for it.” “And the cow?” “I gave a horse for it.” “And the horse?” “I gave a piece of silver as big as my head for that.” “And the silver?” “Oh! I worked hard for that seven long years.” “You have thriven well in the world hitherto,” said the grinder; “now if you could find money in your pocket whenever you put your hand into it, your fortune would be

made.” “Very true: but how is that to be managed?” “You must turn grinder like me,” said the other, “you only want a grindstone; the rest will come of itself. Here is one that is a little the worse for wear: I would not ask more than the value of your goose for it: will you buy?” “How can you ask such a question?” replied Hans; “I should be the happiest man in the world, if I could have money whenever I put my hand in my pocket; what could I want more? There’s the goose!” “Now,” said the grinder, as he gave him a common rough stone that lay by his side, “this is a most capital stone; de but manage it cleverly, and you can make an old nail cut with it.”

Hans took the stone and went off with a light heart; his eyes sparkled for joy, and he said to himself, “I must have been born in a lucky hour; every thing that I want, or wish for, comes to me of itself.”

Meantime he began to be tired, for he had been travelling ever since daybreak; he was hungry too, for he had given away his last penny in his joy at getting the cow. At last he could go no further, and the stone tired him terribly; he dragged himself to the side of a pond, that he might drink some water, and rest a while; so he laid the stone carefully by his side on the bank: but as he stooped down to drink, he forgot it, pushed it a little, and down it went plump into the pond. For a while he watched it sinking in the deep clear water, then sprang up for joy, and again fell upon his knees, and thanked Heaven with tears in his eyes for its kindness in taking away his only plague, the ugly heavy stone. “How happy am I!” cried he; “no mortal was ever so lucky as I am.” Then up he got with a light and merry heart, and walked on free from all his troubles till he reached his mother’s house.

THE GLEANER.

So we’ll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we’ll talk with them too,
Who loaves and who wins; who’s in and who’s out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God’s spies. SHAKESPEARE.

Anecdote of Doctor Shebbean.—When Doctor Shebbean stood in the pillory in London, for writing a libel, the weather proving rainy, a porter was employed to hold an umbrella over him.—The man afterwards applied for pay, and was presented with a shilling. This sum he thought inadequate, and pleaded for more. The Doctor observed, “You stood but one hour, Sir, and surely I have paid enough.”—“Tis enough for the work, I grant,” replied the porter; “but, for Heaven’s sake, your honour, consider the disgrace of being exposed in company with you: I find, d’yee see, that one half of the staring multitude took me for a rogue, as well as your honour; and by all that’s honest, I would not go through the same again, to be made a justice of the Quorum.” Shebbean paused for a moment, took back the shilling, and gave him a guinea.

A Russian merchant was extremely, even immensely rich, yet lived in a small obscure room, with hardly any fire, furniture, or attendance, though his house was larger than many palaces; burying his money in casks in the cellar, and was so great a miser, that he barely allowed himself the common necessities of life. He placed his great security in the possession of a tremendous large and fierce dog, who used to go round his premises barking every night. The dog (as most dogs will do) died one day. His master was inconsolable; but, remaining strict to his principle of economy, would not buy another, and actually performed the faithful creature’s services himself, going his rounds every evening, and barking as well and as loud as he could, in imitation of his deceased friend.

THE TRAVELLER.

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd.

COWPER

JOURNEY OVER MOUNT GOTTHARD TO
LUCERN. No. II.

From the Journal of a literary Traveller.

After crossing the Devil's Bridge, we had about five and twenty miles almost in a straight line to descend, and generally pretty steep, before we got to the plain at the foot of the mountain. The road runs through a cleft which the river in a long course of time has worn in the mountain; for the opposite mountains are divided only by the bed of the river, the summits of which are every where several hundred, and, in some places, a thousand feet above the bed of the river, and for the most part exceedingly steep. The road in these mountains runs pretty high above the river, now on the left and now on the right hand of it; and in many places the rock must necessarily have been cut away. The traveller, therefore, has the Reuss constantly beside the road, though at a great depth below him, hears the violent noise, and sees the various cataracts formed by the foaming waters, rushing over the rocks. From all these circumstances the stranger would suppose it a dismal and gloomy way; yet its pleasures are great and various:—A multitude of cascades, now on the right, now on the left, rushing down from stupendous heights, a number of villages and single cottages dispersed along the way, render it highly delightful. In several places, the mountains, between which we descend, are less steep, or have terraces formed by nature on their declivities; and wherever such are seen there are houses, or whole villages, so that the eye is always entertained with variety.

At Gostinen, a village six miles from the Devil's Bridge, I found cherry-trees in blossom. This village stands at the entrance of a vale, running into the mountains, to the west, along the left shore of the Reuss, from which mountains beautiful crystals are dug. Below this village we see the mountains progressively more and more covered with woods, which farther upward are quite bare. At two different places we come to narrow and deep clefts, hollowed out of the side of the mountain, through each of which a stream runs gurgling down. From these clefts cold winds caused by the rushing of the waters, are constantly issuing towards the road.

Towards evening, when I had got down above half of the way, it began to be very warm. My Fahrenheit's thermometer stood at 74 degrees. However, when I had got within the distance of three miles from the Dorf am Stäg, consequently not far from the bottom, I came to another large bridge of snow over a rivulet, running sideways out of the mountain. My guide, who rode before me, wanted to proceed across the snow, seeing there was already a beaten track; but the horse obstinately refused to take it. The rider had recourse to violent measures, and set spurs to the beast with all his might; but this only made him kick and plunge, and he absolutely would not advance. At length the rider, forced to yield, rode somewhat farther up by the side of the rivulet, and there found a stone bridge under the snow. In passing the bridge I took notice, that what I had before taken for a firm mass of snow, was a high arch only about an ell thick, under which the rivulet ran with impetuosity. I was struck with terror at the thought that here we should in all probability have perished, if the horse of my conductor had not been wiser than his rider. The snowy vault, from its being so very thin, would infallibly have given way under us.

This was the last perilous step on the extraordinary road I went this day; for shortly afterwards we reached the plain, where I once more met with meadows and multitudes of beautiful fruit trees of various kinds. At a little past seven I arrived at the Stäg, which stands directly before the entrance of the narrow gut through which I had descended. I hoped to get the refreshment so necessary after a day of so much fatigue, and rejoiced at being now on this side the Alps, and at having a less toilsome way before me; but my slow fever had much increased during the day, and I passed the night in uneasiness and perturbation of mind. Fortunately the next day's journey was very easy and commodious.

The road from the Dorf am Stäg to Altorf goes through a plain, broad valley, through which the Reuss runs to the lake of what are called the four Waldstadts, Ury, Schweitz, Unterwalden, and Lucern; and at this lake the valley likewise ends. It is extremely fertile, and abounds in excellent pasturage. Near the road are quantities of fine fruit trees, and plenty of walnuts. It is generally said, that the walnut tree suffers nothing to grow beneath its branches, and that its shade is noxious. Here I could perceive nothing of this. I even saw on this road a tree loaded with sweet cherries, of a powerful stem and with a spreading top, growing close by the trunk of a very large walnut-tree, so that the roots of both trees must necessarily have intertwined with each other.

Altorf, as is well known, is the chief town of the canton of Ury, where the government has its seat; a handsome place without walls, containing a number of substantial and spacious buildings both public and private, and beautifully situated. I here found myself in a very retired, solitary, and insignificant corner of the earth, divided from all the world by almost impassable mountains, though famous heretofore as the scene of actions truly heroic, and which must be ever venerable to all who know how to set a proper value on civil and religious liberty. In Altorf the freedom enjoyed by the Helvetic cantons took its birth; and on the borders of the lake that I am now to pass, lie places where formerly a petty people, extremely simple in its acquisitions and manners, and withal very poor, procured to itself a perfect independence, and an unlimited freedom, against the efforts of a mighty tyrannical power. I felt a genial glow of rapture in my veins on contemplating that I was now in the native country of a Tell, of a Walter Furst, an Arnold of Winkelried, and other men, whose hardly courage, though less celebrated, performed no less heroic deeds than Agamemnon, Ajax, and the other heroes of Homer. I confess, that while I contemplated the transactions that formerly happened here, I was filled with reverence for the little country I this day entered and beheld around me. This, thought I, is truly classic ground, not the scene of fabulous, but of really great achievements; the glorious consequences whereof the present inhabitants, after more than four whole centuries, enjoy in their full extent.

In Altorf I left the horse that had brought me from Lugano, and proceeded on foot to the village Fluelen, that stands on the margin of the lake. I had sent my baggage before me, and hired a small vessel to convey me to Lucern, which is situated at the lower end of the lake. The passage across often proves dangerous after sailing only a couple of leagues from Fluelen, by sudden gusts of wind, as it is impossible to land on account of the perpendicular rocks that form the shore. After passing this distance, however, there is good landing in several places, some of which may be reached in a short time, if the people are aware of the threatening danger.

About four leagues from Fluelen, a flat

rock, rising but little above the water, projects somewhat into the lake from the steep mountains. It was on this projecting rock that the brave Tell leaped from the ship in which he was a prisoner, and climbed the pathless height, whereby he rescued himself, and afterwards, by the effects of his gallant deeds, gave liberty to his native land. On this spot is built a little open temple, in honour of this champion of liberty, and bears the name of *Tell's chapel*. It is only enclosed towards the lake by a wooden railing, which any one can open at pleasure. On the walls within are painted Tell's achievements, and some other exploits to which they afterwards gave occasion. At present, however, there are only a couple of very old paintings remaining, one of which is a representation of the battle of Sempach; the others are modern. The view of pictures of renowned deeds of old, on the very spot where they were performed, and thus to be able to compare the pictured representation with the scenes of nature round me, made a singular impression on my mind.

To an inquisitive researcher into the ancient revolutions of nature, the voyage over this lake is highly interesting. On the coast are high mountains, mostly bare, every where steep, and in many places perpendicular, on which awful observations may be made as to the history of their formation.

I come now to a glorious scene of a quite different kind. At about five o'clock my sailors landed me on the left shore, near to a lonely inn, in the canton of Unterwalden. I ascended the mountain to a considerable height, in order to take a view of the lake and the country beyond it. Here I beheld the most charming prospect that had ever offered itself to my eyes:—I said before, that the place where I stood was surrounded with lofty mountains. Exactly opposite to that where I now was, a wide aperture opened betwixt these mountains, through which I had a free prospect over the principal part of the canton of Schweitz, that lay before me like the scenery of a theatre. In the foreground stood the two mountains between which I had the view. On the scene itself appeared, first, the extensive plain of Brunnen, with numbers of boats lying in its harbour. Behind this, rich enameled meads, through which runs a serpentine river; in various places country seats, surrounded with trees of beautiful verdure. Verging towards the back-ground, lay the commons of Schweitz, studded with country-houses, churches, and monasteries; and behind them that astonishing mountain, divided into two hills, which, from its form, is called the *hook*. This, with the inferior mountains that stand contiguous, composes the farthest ground of the picture. I have only taken notice of the more prominent features; but of the unspeakable diversity of particular objects, the smiling richness of the soil, and the enchanting beauty of the whole, I can give no idea. The declining sun, in a clear sky, threw the most advantageous light on the landscape. In Merian's topography of Switzerland, this prospect is given in a copper-plate; but from a more elevated station than mine was, and therefore the objects are somewhat more dispersed than I saw them. During the space of 140 years since the drawing of Merian, a number of new country houses have been built, which renders the picture much richer. Of all the prospects I ever beheld, this often returns to my mind, and always attended with the most delightful sensations. It cost me great efforts to quit this spot, on the approach of night.

The remaining part of my journey was equally rich in charming prospects, but of which I feel myself inadequate to give a faithful description. About nine o'clock in the evening, I arrived at Lucern, highly delighted with my day's journey.

all the fatigue of which was amply compensated by the beautiful and variegated scenes which I witnessed.

LITERATURE.

THE NATURE, ORIGIN, AND PROGRESS
OF POETRY. No. II.

DIDACTIC POETRY.

The express design of didactic poetry is to convey knowledge and instruction. This species of composition admits of considerable variety in the mode of execution, the length, the style, the measure, and other qualities: but the intention must be uniformly to make us wiser and better. In the higher classes of didactic poetry, stand the books of Lucretius on the Nature of Things, the *Georgics* of Virgil, the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, by Akenside, *Armstrong on Health*; and *Horace, Vida, Boileau, and Pope, on Criticism*.

In all these works instruction is the avowed object; yet the poet must not forget to enliven his lessons by figures, incidents, and poetical delineations. Virgil is peculiarly happy in this respect. Instead of tamely informing us, that a farmer must begin his labours in the spring, he expresses himself in the following animated manner.

While yet the spring is young, while earth unbinds
Her frozen bosom to the western winds;
While mountain snows dissolve against the sun,
And streams yet new from precipices run;
Even in this early dawning of the year,
Produce the plough, and yoke the sturdy steer,
And goad him till he groans beneath his toil,
Till the bright share is buried in the soil.

Didactic poetry requires method and arrangement, so that the precepts it enforces may follow in connected order, and mutually strengthen each other. Episodes and embellishments may, however, be freely used, when a co-relative to the primary design. The digressions in the *Georgics*, such as the happiness of a rural life, the fable of Aristeus, and the tale of Orpheus and Eurydice, are above all praise.

Among modern didactic poets, Akenside and Armstrong rank very high. The former possessed a rich poetical imagination, and a pomp of diction equal to the sublimity of the ideas it clothes. The latter is more equable, and chiefly remarkable for a chaste and correct elegance.

Under didactic poetry, satires and epistles are naturally classed. Without adverting to the ancients, who have distinguished themselves in this walk, Pope furnishes the most perfect models in both lines of composition. Nor is Young to be passed over without notice. He possessed an exuberance of fancy, but his genius was not always under the control of taste and judgment. His *Universal Passion* has much merit, and there are many passages in his *Night Thoughts* which would do honour to any poet.

DESCRIPTIVE POETRY.

Descriptive poetry, taken in a limited and local sense, according to the definition of Dr. Johnson, "is a species of composition, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospect, or incidental meditation." Of this kind are Denham's *Cooper's Hill*, and Pope's *Windsor Forest*.

Descriptive poetry, however, without relation to place, is among the higher efforts of genius, and is frequently mixed with every other species. It is the test of poetic imagination, and distinguishes an original genius from a mere copyist. A true poet places the object he would paint before our eyes. He gives it the genuine colours of life, and affords subjects from which the painter may draw. The great art of picturesque description lies in the selection of suitable circumstances, properly applied. In describing a grand object every circumstance should

tend to raise and ennoble : in depicting a gay object, all the circumstances should conspire to beautify.

The most capital descriptive poem in our own and perhaps in any language, ancient or modern, is Thomson's Seasons. Possessed of a feeling heart, and a warm imagination, Thomson, enamoured of nature, painted her with the enthusiasm of a lover, who had been admitted to the enjoyment of her beauties. His work is replete with picturesque imagery, and in such a galaxy of glowing charms, it is difficult to select one more captivating than another.

Parnell's Tale is a fine example of descriptive narrative ; and Milton's Allegro and Penseroso leave us satisfied, that the effect of this species of poetry can be carried no farther. Both Homer and Virgil, among the ancients, excel in poetical description, and hence the charm of their compositions. Ossian too paints in colours of fire, and opens every avenue to the heart. "I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they are desolate. The fire hath resounded within the walls ; and the voice of the people is now heard no more. The stream of Clutha was removed from its place by the fall of the walls ; the thistle shook there its lonely head ; the moss whistled to the wind. The fox looked out at the window ; the rank grass waved round his head. Desolate is the dwelling of Moira ; silence is in the house of her fathers."

Much of the beauty of descriptive poetry depends on a proper choice of epithets ; but no rules can teach their application : "A poet is born, not made."

ELEGY.

The elegy is a mixed species of poetic composition. In its character it is mournful and plaintive, yet sweet and engaging. It was first used to bewail the loss of friends and relations ; and afterwards employed to express the complaints of lovers or any other melancholy subject. In process of time, not only grief, but joy, wishes, prayers, expostulations, reproaches, admonitions, and almost every subject were admitted into elegy. Its chief end, however, is well defined in the following lines from Boileau—

The plaintive elegy, in mournful state,
Dishevel'd weeps the sterner decrees of fate ;
Now paints the lover's torments and delights ;
Now the nymph flatters, threatens, or invites,
But he who would these passions well express,
Must more of love than poetry possess.

In the elegy, all must be solemn and dignified. No epigrammatic points or conceits can be admitted. Nature and the passions alone should prevail : the language ought to be pure, flowing, and impressive ; and the sentiments reach the heart, while the melody of the verse strikes the ear.

Gray's elegy in a country churchyard, is a master-piece in this species of poetry. Hammond's love elegies are elegant, but too much on the model of Tibellus ; they possess affected ornaments, which genuine passion disclaims. Shenstone's elegies are deservedly admired ; but they are frequently disfigured by point and antithesis.

To enumerate all the beautiful elegies in our own language, would be impossible. Scarcely an author of reputation but has written one or more ; and several, giving way to the impulse of tender passions, have succeeded in classic composition, who have failed in more elaborate attempts.

THE WAVERLEY NOVELS.

We have already avowed our opinion, that the celebrated Scotch novels, which have been attributed to Walter Scott, are not the production of that gentleman. This opinion is not merely founded on the incapacity displayed in the two last effusions of his pen, (the "Battle of Waterloo" and "Halidon Hill,") but is the result of a perfect knowledge of facts respecting the novels themselves, which,

ever since the first of them issued from the press, has satisfied us that they are the works of Dr. Greenfield ; a man of the most splendid talents, but who finds it necessary to forego the distinction which they would confer on his name, in consequence of having been guilty of an offence against the laws, which subjects him to a capital punishment. We intend, in a future number of the MINERVA, to develop all the circumstances to which we allude. Meanwhile, as we have just taken up the Newcastle Magazine for November, and find the following notice in it of a recent disavowal of the authorship, said to have been made by Sir Walter Scott, we feel no hesitation in now laying it before our readers :—

"A word more to Sir Walter Scott respecting the Scotch Novels.

"Most of our readers must either have read or heard of Mr. Heber's Book of Letters, endeavouring to prove by every possible mode of gathering together allusions, corresponding passages, and particular expressions, from Sir Walter Scott's poems, that Sir Walter was the author of the Scotch novels. Now, we beg leave to ask, whether it is not true that Mr. Heber lately inquired of Sir Walter, in a private company, if he was the true author ; and whether Sir Walter did not reply in the following words, or to their effect ?—

"You know, Heber, that as a literary man I might be justified in denying works attributed to me, but I will not avail myself of that privilege ; I will inform you honestly, as a man, that I am not the author of the novels."

"We have what we believe to be good authority for this conversation, and, under such circumstances, we hold it to be our duty to lay it before the public."

New Publications in England.

The London Courier of the 27th December, has no less than three columns of advertisements of new publications, amongst which we observe the following :

The Liberal No. II., by Lord Byron, and others.

A Journey to Two of the Oases of Upper Egypt, by Sir Archibald Edmonstone, Bart.

Anastasis, or Memoirs of a Modern Greek, third edition.

Sketch Book, by Geoffrey Crayon, fifth edition.

Narrative of the Expedition to Dongola and Senaar, under the command of his Excellency Ismael Pacha ; by an American, in the service of the Viceroy. Undertaken by order of his Highness Mehemmed Ali Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt.

The Dramatic Works of the Right Hon. R. B. Sheridan. Now first collected with a preface ; by Thomas Moore, Esq.

The first volume of a History of the late War in Spain and Portugal ; by Robert Southey, Esq.

Memoirs of the History of France, during the reign of Napoleon, dictated by the Emperor at St. Helena to his Aides-de-Camps Counts Montholon, Bertrand, Gourgaud, &c. and published from the original manuscripts, corrected by himself.

Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St. Helena ; by the Count De Las Cases.

Loves of the Angels, by Thos. Moore, Esq.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BROOKS.

THE BROKEN HEART.

This sketch is founded upon a tale of Boccaccio. The story is this—Jeronymo was sent from Italy to Paris in order to complete his studies. He was detained there two years, his mother being fearful lest he should marry a poor and beautiful girl, (Sylvestra,) with whom he had been brought up from his infancy. During his absence his mother contrived to have Sylvestra married. He returned, and after wandering about her dwelling, succeeded in getting into her chamber, conversed with her, (her husband being asleep,) and, at last, died on the bed before her.

SCENE I.—A Room.

JERONYMO. HIS MOTHER.

Mother. Prythee, take comfort, child ; why, how you look—

Speak, dear Jeronymo !

Jerom. You have done this ?

Mother. 'Twas for your good.

Jerom. Oh ! mother, mother ; you have broke the fondest heart in Italy. My good—what's that ? Is't good that I shall die ? Is't good that I shall pine, and waste away,

And shrink within my natural compass, and in melancholy idlesse, haunt the nest Where my sweet dove lies guarded—

Mother. Patience—nay—

Jerom. Until I die, good mother ? I shall die (Mark me, and think my words a prophecy.) Before you, day by day.—My head feels light : But then my heart's gone, so it matters not. Sylvestra, sweet Sylvestra !

Mother. Name her not.

Oh ! she's the cause of all our sorrow—all. You must not think of her now.

Jerom. No ? not now ?

Mother. No ; for she's married.

Jerom. Ha, ha, ha ! good mother.

Shame ! at your time to jest.

Mother. I told you this

Before ; she's married—married.

Jerom. Pshaw ! I know it :

Am I not—broken-hearted ?

Mother. Oh ! sweet heavens.

Jeronymo !

Jerom. Well.

Mother. Why do you talk thus ?

So strangely, dear, to me ? My own boy—think On me, sweet.

Jerom. Surely : for you thought of me, Even in absence : therefore I'll be grateful. And do you a good turn, mother, pray believe't : I'll make you heir of all my father's lands, Chattels, and gold, and floating argosies, With not a widow or child to share 'em with you : Here's gratitude. I'll swear't : By noisy Jove, Red Mars, and bearded Saturn—

Mother. Prythee cease.

Jerom. Oh ! you're grown modest since my father died,

And will not court the gods. By Venus then, (You'll like her, for she—cheated all the world.) Or Juno, radiant Juno : she took note Of great Jove's pranks when absent ; and you know,

Strangled the innocent passion love, at times, And married poor damsel's happiness—as you did : By—

Mother. Do not talk thus. Oh ! if not for me, For your dear father's sake, Jeronymo, Spare me.

Jerom. My father ? out, alas ! he's dead.

Mother. He temper'd the warm feelings of his heart

(Which else, perhaps, had led to strife or ruin) By draughts of that divine philosophy—

Jerom. Ay, that's the drink I love. At Paris, madam,

There we had flasks of it ; cork'd as tight as though It were a conjuror's secret, and I drank, And drank and drank the livelong day and night, And chew'd the bitter laurel for my food,

Whose roots are water'd, as the poets tell, By the immortal wells of Castaly.

I wish'd for ambrosia, but the gods are grown Economists, and hoard it for the good

Mother. Alas, alas !

Jerom. Why that looks well.

Mother. What ?

Jerom. Oh ! to see you weep, Although your husband died so long ago.

Mother. I do not weep for him.

Jerom. Not weep for him ?

Then shame seal up your mouth. Was he not kind

And good ? you told me so : and yet you weep not : Weep you for widowhood ? Oh ! you may gain Another husband yet.

Mother. I do not wish it.

I cannot match the last.

Jerom. You cannot, madam.

No, though you gaze when Hesper comes, until The last star sinks below the western heavens. You cannot match him. Oh ! he was a man :

How few there are such ! and how did he joy To mark his look in my poor sickly face, And lov'd and did care me as I had been

Fair as the god Apollo ; but he died : And how he feared, (do you remember that ?) Lest I should sink, and leave no name behind me :

No child who might inherit, and transmit Our noble name to far posterity :

Do you remember this, good mother ? I Am the last scion of a gracious tree, And you—ay, you have struck me to the root, And withered all my branches. Now, farewell. Sylvestra !—Mighty mother, you have broke Your wand at last.

Mother. Farewell, farewell.

Jerom. Farewell.

Yet stay—Ah ! mother, bless you. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—Sylvestra's Chamber.

JERONYMO. SYLVESTRA.

Jerom. So, all is hush'd at last. Hist ! There she lies,

Who should have been my own : Sylvestra !—No : She sleeps ; and from her parted lips there comes A fragrance, such as April mornings draw From the awakening flowers. There lies her arm, Stretch'd out like marble on the quilted lid, And motionless. What if she lives not ?—Oh !

How beautiful she is ! How far beyond Those bright creations, which the fabled Greeks Placed on their white Olympus. That great queen Before whose eye Jove's starry armies shrink To darkness, and the wide and billowy seas Grew tranquil, was a spotted leper to her ;

And never in such pure divinity Could sway the wanton blood, as she did—Hark ! She murmurs like a cradled child. How soft 'tis. Sylvestra !

Syl. Ha ! who's there ?

Jerom. 'Tis I.

Syl. Who is it ?

Jerom. Must I then speak, and tell my name to you ?

Sylvestra, for Sylvestra ! know me now : Not now ; and is my very voice so changed By wretchedness, that you—you know me not ? Alas !

Syl. Begone. I'll wake my husband if You tread a step : begone.

Jerom. Jeronymo !

Syl. Ha ! speak.

Jerom. Jeronymo.

Syl. Oh !

Jerom. Hide your eyes ;

Ay, hide them, married woman ! lest you see The wreck of him that loved you.

Syl. Not me

Jerom. Yes.

Loved you like life ; like heaven and happiness Lov'd you and kept your name against his heart (Ill boding amulet) till death.

Syl. Alas !

Jerom. And now I come to bring your wandering thoughts Back to their innocent home. Thus, as 'tis said Do spirits quit their leaden urns, to tempt Wretches from sin. Some have been seen 't' nights To stand and point their rattling finger at The red moon as it rose ; (perhaps to turn Man's thoughts on high.) Some their lean arms have stretch'd

'Tween murderers and their victims : Some have laugh'd

Ghastly, upon—the bed of wantonness, And touch'd the limbs with death.

Syl. You will not harm me ?

Jerom. Why should I not ?—No, no, poor girl I come not

To mar your delicate limbs with outrage. I Have lov'd too well for that. Had you but lov'd—

Syl. I did, I did.

Jerom. Away—My brain is well, (Though late 'twas hot :) You lov'd ? away away,

This to a dying man ?

Syl. Oh ! you will live

Long, ay, and happily : will wed perhaps—

Jerom. Nay, prythee cease. Sylvestra : you and I

Were children here some few short springs ago, And lov'd like children : I the elder ; you The loveliest girl that ever died her hair Across the sunny brow of Italy.

I still remember how your delicate foot Tripped on the lawn at vintage-time, and how, When others ask'd you, you would only give Your hand to me.

Syl. Alas ! Jeronymo.

Jerom. Ay, that's the name : you had forgot Syl. Oh, no !

Can I forget the many hours we've spent, When care had scarce began to trouble us ? How we were wont, on Autumn nights, to stray, Counting the clouds that pass'd across the moon—

Jerom. Go on.

Syl. And figuring many a shape grotesque ; Camels and caravans, and mighty beasts, Hot prancing steeds, and warriors plund' and helm'd,

All in the blue sky floating.

Jerom. What is this ?

Syl. I thought you lik'd to hear of it.

Jerom. I do.

Syl. Then wherefore look so sadly ?

Jerom. Fair Sylvestra,

Can I do ought to comfort you ?

Syl. Away,

You do forget yourself.

Jerom. Not so. Can I

Do ought to serve you ? Speak ! My time is short For death has touch'd me.

Syl. Now you're jesting.

Jerom. Girl !

Now, I am dying. Oh ! I feel my blood Ebb slowly, and before the morning sun Visits your chamber through those trailing vines, I shall lie here, here in your chamber, dead.

Dead, dead, dead, dead ! Nay, shrink not.

Syl. Prythee go,

You fright me.

Jerom. Yet I'd not do so, Sylvestra :

I will but tell you, you have used me harshly, (That is not much,) and die : nay, fear me not. I would not chill, with this decaying touch, That bosom where the blue veins wander round, As if enamour'd and loth to leave their homes Of beauty : nor should this thy white cheek fade From fear at me, a poor heart-broken wretch : Look at me. Why, the winds sing through my bones,

And children jeer me, and the boughs that wave And whisper loosely in the summer air, Shake their green leaves in mockery, as to say "These are the longer livers."

Syl. How is this ?

Jerom. I've number'd eighteen summers. Much may lie

In that short compass ; but my days have been Not happy. Death was busy with our house Early, and nipped the comforts of my home, And sickness paled my cheek, and fancies (like Bright but delusive stars) came wandering by me. There's one you know of : that—no matter—that Drew me from out my way, (a perilous guide,) And left me sinking. I had gay hopes too, What needs the mention,—they are vanish'd.

Syl. I—

I thought,—(speak softly for my husband sleeps, I thought, when you did stay abroad so long, And never sent nor ask'd of me or mine, You'd quite forgotten Italy.

Jerom. Speak again.

Was't so indeed ?

Syl. Indeed, indeed.

Jerom. Then be it.

Yet, what had I done Fortune that she could Abandon me so entirely ? Never mind't :

Have a good heart, Sylvestra: they who hate
Can kill us, but no more, that's comfort. Oh!
The journey is but short, and we can reckon
On slumbering sweetly with the freshest earth
Sprinkled about us. There no storms can shake
Our secure tenement; nor need we fear,
Though cruelty be busy with our fortunes,
Or scandal with our names.

Syl. Alas, Alas!

Jeron. Sweet! in the land to come we'll feed
On flowers.

Drop not, my beautiful child. Oh! we will love
Then without fear; no mothers there; no gold,
Nor hate, nor paltry perfidy, none, none.
We have been doubly cheated. Who'll believe
A mother could do this? but let it pass:
Anger suits not the grave. Oh! my own love,
Too late I see thy gentle constancy:
I wrote, and wrote, but never heard; at last,
Quitting that place of pleasure, home I came,
And found you married.

Syl. Alas!

Jeron. Then I

Grew moody, and at times I fear my brain
Was fever'd; but I could not die, Sylvestra,
And bid you no farewell.

Syl. Jeronimo!

Break not my heart thus: they—they did de-
ceive me.

They told me that the girls of France were fair,
And you had scorn'd you: poor and childish love;
Threaten'd, and vow'd, cajol'd, and then—I mar-
ried.

Jeron. Oh!

Syl. What's the matter?

Jeron. Soft! The night wind sounds
A funeral dirge for me, sweet. Let me lie
Upon thy breast; I will not chill't, my love.
It is a shrine where Innocence might die;
Nay, let me lie there once; for once, Sylvestra.

Syl. Pity me!

Jeron. So I do.

Syl. Then talk not thus;

Though but a jest, it makes me tremble.

Jeron. Just!

Look in my eye, and mark how true the tale
I've told you: On its glassy surface lies
Death, my Sylvestra. It is Nature's last
And beautiful effort to bequeathe a fire
To that bright ball on which the spirit sate
Through life; and look'd out, in its various
moods,

Of gentleness and joy and love and hope,
And gained this frail flesh credit in the world.
It is the channel of the soul: Its glance
Draws and reveals that subtle power, that doth
Redeem us from our gross mortality.

Syl. Why, now you're cheerful.

Jeron. Yes; 'tis thus I'd die.

Syl. Now I must smile.

Jeron. Do so, and I'll smile too.

I do; albeit—ah! now my parting words
Lie heavy on my tongue; my lips obey not,
And—speech—comes difficult from me. While
I can,

Farewell, Sylvestra! where's your hand?

Syl. Ah! cold.

Jeron. 'Tis so; but scorn it not, my own poor
girl.

They've us'd us hardly; bless 'em, though. Thou
wilt

Forgive them? One's a mother, and may feel,
When that she knows me dead. Some air—more
air:

Where are you?—I am blind—my hands are
numb'd;

This is a wintry night. So, cover me. [Dies.]

BIOGRAPHY.

MEMOIRS OF ARIOSTO.

Ludovico Ariosto was born at Reggio, in Italy, on the 8th September, 1474. From his early age he gave uncommon presages of future genius, having composed a kind of tragedy from the story of Pyramus and Thisbe, which he caused to be represented before his brothers and sisters, at a period of life when other boys are only entering on their studies. At first, Ariosto was destined by his father for some lucrative profession, and with that view he sent him to Padua, where he spent five years in the study of the law. But Nicolo, (the old man's name) finding that his son had no relish for such pursuits, permitted him to obey the strong propensity of his genius, which evidently pointed out to what nature had designed him.

At the age of twenty-four, Ariosto found himself involved by the cares of a family, owing to the death of his father, who left a numerous offspring, with a very slender patrimony. Notwithstanding the trouble this gave him, before he had reached his twenty-ninth year he had acquired considerable reputation for his Latin verses, and numerous poems and sonnets, full of spirit and imagination. At thirty, he began his Orlando. About this period, he was selected by Alphonso, Duke of Fer-

rara, as a fit person to send on an embassy to the pope, in which he acquitted himself greatly to the satisfaction of that prince. Shortly after, we find him engaged in fighting against the pope's troops, and capturing one of his largest vessels. Having returned to his studies, he published the first edition of Orlando in the year 1515; and, six years after, another edition appeared, with considerable corrections and alterations.

During the pontificate of Adrian II, Ariosto was entrusted with the government of a province on the Apennine, which at that period was torn to pieces by factions. He continued three years in this honourable situation, during which he acquitted himself so well, that he not only brought the people to a proper sense of their duty to their sovereign, but entirely gained their affections, and was applauded for his services by the Duke. He now applied himself to the drama, and in a short time produced several comedies, which were performed with great applause, and the principal characters filled by persons of the highest rank. In the latter part of his life, Ariosto purchased a piece of ground, on which he built a house, and retired to enjoy himself in the pursuit of his favourite studies. In the 59th year of his age, being that in which he sent his Orlando Furioso to the press with his last improvements, he was seized with the illness which terminated his life on the 6th of June, 1533.

Ariosto was a man of uncommon eminence, in whatever light he is viewed. As a member of society, he acquired the affection and esteem of persons of the highest consideration. He contracted the closest intimacy with the family of the Medicis, and was beloved by Leo X. the Augustus of that age. As a member of the republic of letters, he was one of the few great poets who acquire reputation during their life time, and, to this day, his name is held in as much veneration by his countrymen as we consider that of Shakespeare. In private life, Ariosto was modest and affable to every body, demeaning himself in such a manner as if altogether unconscious of that great superiority which nature had given him: he was close in argument, and ready in repartees, but was seldom observed to laugh more than became the dignity of a philosopher; yet, though his temper was rather inclined to melancholy, which is perhaps the nature of every great genius, he was very remote from a rigid disposition; being particularly open and sprightly in his conversation with women, by whom his company was much coveted. He was an avowed enemy to ceremony, though always ready to pay due respect to place and rank. He abhorred all those dignities that could only be acquired by servility: he was a sincere lover of his country, loyal to his prince, and steady in his friendships. In his diet he was abstemious, making only one meal a day, and that generally toward the evening, and was neither curious for variety or delicacies, being indeed a contemner of luxury in general.

While he was composing his Orlando, he would frequently rise in the middle of the night, and cause his servant to bring him pen, ink, and paper, when he wrote down what had immediately occurred to his imagination, which in the day he communicated to his friends.

His integrity was incorruptible, as appears by what he says to his brother Galasso of the old man, who being possessed of great wealth, was fearful of being poisoned by his relations, and therefore would trust himself in no hands but Ariosto's. His affection as a son and brother, is seen from the care he took of his family, after the death of his father.

He took great delight in building, but was an economist in his expenses that way. A friend once expressing astonishment that he, who had described such magnificent edifices in his poem, should

be contented with so poor a dwelling, Ariosto answered very aptly, that 'words were much easier put together than bricks;' and leading him to the door of his house, pointed to this distich which he had caused to be engraved on the portico:

Small is my humble roof, but well design'd
To suit the temper of the master's mind;
Hurtful to none, it boasts a decent pride,
That my poor purse the modest cost supplied.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

MICROSCOPIC VIEW OF SPIDERS WEAVING THEIR WEBS.

Of all the beautiful discoveries with which we have become acquainted, through the progress of the physical sciences, there are none more striking than those of the microscope, or which may be studied with greater ease. The application of a powerful lens to any of those minute objects which we have it daily in our power to examine, exhibits a scene of wonder, of which those who have never witnessed it cannot form an adequate idea. For example, the construction of cobwebs has in all ages been lightly esteemed: nevertheless, for simplicity of machinery and neatness of execution, they cannot be surpassed by the art of man. The spinners are the apparatus, through which, by a most wonderful process, the spider draws its thread. Each spinner is pierced, like the plate of a wire-drawer, with a multitude of holes, so numerous and exquisitely fine, that a space, often not bigger than a pin's point, includes above a thousand. Through each of these holes proceeds a thread of an inconceivable tenuity, which, immediately after issuing from the orifice, unites with all the other threads, from the same spinner, into one. Hence from each spinner proceeds a compound thread; and these four threads, at the distance of about one tenth of an inch from the apex of the spinner, again unite, and form the thread we are accustomed to see, which the spider uses in forming its web. Thus a spider's web, even spun by the smallest species, and when so fine that it is almost imperceptible to our senses, is not, as we suppose, a single line, but a rope, composed of at least four thousand strands.

In the earlier part of last century, Bon, of Languedoc, fabricated a pair of stockings and a pair of gloves from the threads of spiders. They were nearly as strong as silk, and of a beautiful gray colour!

STAGES OF HUMAN LIFE.

Human life may be divided into three stages.

The first, the period of preparation from our birth, till about our twenty-first year, when the body has generally attained the acmé of expansion:—till then, a continual and copious supply of chyle is necessary, not only to keep our machinery in repair, but to furnish material for the increase of it.

The second from twenty-one to forty-two, the period of active usefulness, during which nothing more is wanted than to restore the daily waste, occasioned by the actions of the vital and animal functions.

The third, the period of decline: this comes on and proceeds with more or less celerity, according to the original strength of the constitution, and the economy with which it has been managed during the second period. Age is a relative term, one man is as old at forty as another is at sixty, but after forty-two, the most vigorous become gradually more passive; and after sixty-three, pretty nearly quite so.

The teeth are renewed at the seventh year.
Puberty arrives at twice seven

Full stature at three times seven	21
The vigour of growth at four times seven	28
The greatest vigour of body and mind at five times seven	35
The commencement of decay at six times seven	42
General decay, and decrease of energy, at seven times seven	49
Old age at eight times seven	56
And the grand climacteric of the ancients at nine times seven	63

We may form some idea of the self-consumption of the human body, by reflecting that the pulsation of the heart, and the motion of the blood connected with it, takes place 100,000 times every day, that is, on an average the pulse beats seventy times in a minute, which is 100,800 pulsations in a day.

The pulse in the new-born infant, while sleeping, is about (in a minute)	140
Towards the end of the first year	124
Towards the end of the second year	110
Towards the end of the third and fourth years	96
When the first teeth drop out	86
At puberty	80
At manhood	75
At sixty, about	60

BOTANICAL EFFECTS OF CLIMATE.

It is a newly established fact in Natural History, deserving the attention of ornamental Botanists, that a much greater proportion of the various species of the botanical division of nature, is fitted for the endurance of extreme heat than of violent cold. Recent writers have drawn this observation from an accurate survey of vegetation through its distinct gradations from the polar towards the equatorial regions, marking, in each stage, the progressive course. The only exception to the general rule is that of the Lichens, which are to be found in all climates, and alike unassailable by the extremes of each. It is evident from this, that the varieties of indigenous plants, increase in proportion as we approach the equator; for, although in lands nearest to the pole, Spitzbergen and Greenland, the number of species do not exceed 30, yet they increase gradually, thus—Lapland, 534—Iceland, 553—Sweden, 1300, Centre of Europe, 2000—Piedmont, 2800—and 4000 in Jamaica. This is an increasing ratio which cannot be the effect of chance, and is worthy botanical consideration. But it must be remembered that altitude produces a greater change than latitude; since it has been clearly ascertained that 4 or 5000 yards in elevation in the hottest parts of the globe, produce greater changes in temperature than 5000 miles in distance from the equator. It is also a curious fact, as ascertained by Humboldt, that in South America, plants will grow at a height of 1800 yards above that elevation, where on the Alps and Pyrenees vegetation ceases.

MINERVA MEDICAL.

ANTIDOTES TO POISON.

Opium and arsenic, it is well known, are poisons: and, as the effects of these are often fatal before medical aid can be procured, it may not be improper to state briefly the principal antidotes to either. When poison of any kind has been swallowed, the immediate object should always be that of endeavouring to excite vomiting; but much time is often lost by waiting the operations of medical emetics; when the discharge from the stomach might be much more speedily effected by mechanical means. Let, then, the persons who are about the individual who has taken poison, force a feather, or a piece of stick, or any thing that can be immediately procured, down the throat, and thus continue to irritate the parts till vomiting is induced. Emetics are, of course, to be administered as soon as they can be procured, when the power of swallowing is not suspended. After the contents of the stomach have thus been discharged, it is of consequence to recollect that acids

are the best correctives of opium, and alkalies of arsenic. In the one case, that of opium, then, let vinegar or lemon juice, diluted with about an equal quantity of water, be freely and copiously administered: in the other, that of arsenic, let a solution of soap in water be made as strong, and poured down as quickly as possible. This last answers a double purpose, the alkali of the soap acting upon the acid of the arsenic, and thus destroying its virulence; and the oily principle of this material, liberated, in some measure, from its alkali, seems to lubricate the coat of the stomach, and thus, at once, to abate the inflammation already excited, and to defend the parts from the further influence of the poison.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

Peveril of the Peak.—It appears from the latest London papers, that the long expected novel of the "Great Unknown," entitled, "Peveril of the Peak," was not forthcoming at the close of the last year, although a translation of the work was pompously announced, in the French journals, in the month of November. We are now assured that the novel will extend to four volumes; that it commences with the latter period of the Protectorate, and is continued through the Restoration, and a great part of Charles II.'s reign. It contains a character of Oliver Cromwell, and doubtless the author has also introduced several of the striking personages who graced or dishonoured the Court of the restored Monarch, to diversify and embellish his story.

Newspapers.—It is said that the British government contemplate the repeal of the tax on newspapers, by which it is supposed that the receipt on advertisement duties would be quadrupled, and the consumption on paper increased beyond calculation, by an extended circulation of newspapers.

Singular occurrence.—At Deanston, near the village of Doune, in the county of Perth, (Scotland) there is a manufactory where cotton is woven by machinery. Iron cylinders were used in order to apply the weaver's dressing (which is a paste made of wheat flour or barley meal) to the cloth. The cast-iron cylinder was in a short time rendered quite soft, and similar to plum-bago, by the action of the paste. This effect was so complete, that the proprietors were obliged to substitute wood in place of iron. The paste employed was uncommonly sour, and it is supposed that the acid had produced this curious effect. A similar effect is produced upon cast-iron by the action of the muriate of magnesia, and probably also by other salts.

Deaf and Dumb.—It is mentioned, in a German Journal, that in the year 1750, a merchant of Cleves, named Jorissen, who had become almost totally deaf, sitting one day near a harpsichord while some person was playing, and having a tobacco-pipe in his mouth, the bowl of which rested accidentally against the body of the instrument, he was agreeably and unexpectedly surprised to hear all the notes in the most distinct manner. By a little reflection and practice he again obtained the use of this valuable sense, which, as Bonnee says, connects us with the moral world: for he soon learned, by means of a piece of hard wood, one end of which he placed against his teeth, to keep up a conversation, and to be able to understand the least whisper. His son afterwards made this beneficial discovery the subject of an inaugural dissertation, published at Halle, in 1754. Perolle has given some excel-

lent observations on the capability of hard bodies to conduct sound, in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Turin*, for 1790 and 1791. The effect is the same, if the person who speaks, rests the stick against his throat or his breast; or when one rests the stick which he holds in his teeth against some vessel into which the other speaks.

Esquimaux Ingenuity.—Ellis, speaking of the Esquimaux, says, that "their snow eyes," as they are called, are a proof of their sagacity. They are little pieces of wood or ivory, properly formed to cover the organs of vision, and tied on behind the head. They have two slits of the exact length of the eyes, but very narrow, and they see through them very distinctly, and without the least inconvenience. This invention preserves them from snow blindness—a very dangerous and powerful malady, caused by the action of the light strongly reflected from the snow, especially in the spring, when the sun is considerably elevated above the horizon. The use of these eyes greatly strengthens the sight; and the Esquimaux are so accustomed to them, that when they have a mind to view distant objects, they commonly use them instead of spy-glasses."

Mathematics.—A Japanese mathematician was required to demonstrate that, in a right angled triangle, the square of the hypothenuse is equal to the squares of the other two sides. Having drawn a figure with a pair of compasses, on paper, he cut out the three squares, folded the squares of the short sides into a number of triangles, and also cut out these triangles, then laying the several triangles on the surface of the large square, he made them exactly cover and fit it.

Van Dieman's Land.—A young settler in this promising country, in a letter to a friend, dated in June last, says that all the fruits cultivated in England will grow in that climate, though none of them had been found natives of the soil. "We have (continues the writer) varieties from seed, which would do honour to any horticulturist with you. Our golden pippin is nearly as large as your codling. The wild flowers here deserve to be collected; I intend to do it, and to send you a Flora of the 'wild flowers of Tasmania,' to present to some Botanical Society. I expect to get in this year 50 acres of wheat, and 30 acres of barley, oats, potatoes, &c. which is a great deal for a new settler to break up the first year. We reckon the land to produce twenty bushels in the first year, with one ploughing, and depend confidently on having thirty bushels or more per acre the second season. Cape barley and potatoes grow well here, though subject to some check from the cold nights of summer. Every thing grown in England is said to grow here in greater perfection. Our vegetation is very rapid. A young tree grows here as much in one year, as with you in two; and bears fruit in the same manner. All the English grasses grow here well. The native grass is sweeter than yours, but grows so scanty, that it will require four acres to fatten a beast here as much as one would do in England. Grass and clover seeds are much wanted. We shall make hay next harvest of the native grass of the soil, and then I intend to send you a specimen of 'Tasmanian Hay Tea.' On the borders of the Lake Lord, seventy miles round, I pick up some agates, crystals, &c. which I wish may prove to be diamonds, we should then soon be thickly peopled. This lake is on a high elevation, and frozen over in the winter. I cannot say much for the scenery of this island; when you have taken one view, you have seen the whole of the wild and uncultivated waste. But we are soon accustomed to the wild and desolate view of the hills and woods; cultivation and population, flocks and herds, villages and towns, will soon alter their aspect.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Social Grosbeak.—This bird inhabits the interior country at the Cape of Good Hope. They build in a species of mimosa, which grows to an uncommon size; and which they seem to have selected for that purpose, as well on account of its ample head, and the great strength of its branches, calculated to admit and to support the extensive buildings which they have to erect, as for the tallness and smoothness of its trunk, which their great enemies, the serpent tribe, are unable to climb. The method in which the nests themselves are fabricated is highly curious. In the one described by Mr. Paterson there could be no less a number, he says, than from 800 to 1000 residing under the same roof. He calls it a roof, because it perfectly resembles that of a thatched house; and the ridge forms an angle so acute and so smooth, projecting over the entrance of the nest below, that it is impossible for any reptile to approach them. The industry of these birds seems almost equal to that of the bee: throughout the day they appear to be busily employed in carrying a fine species of grass, which is the principal material they employ for the purpose of erecting this extraordinary work, as well as for additions and repairs. Though Mr. Paterson's short stay in the country was not sufficient to satisfy him by ocular proof, that they added to their nest as they annually increased in numbers, still from the many nests which he has seen borne down with the weight, and others which he observed with their boughs completely covered over, it would appear that this is really the case; when the tree which is the support of this aerial city is obliged to give way to the increase of weight, it is obvious that they are no longer protected, and are under the necessity of rebuilding in other trees. One of these deserted nests he had the curiosity to break down, so as to inform himself of the internal structure of it, and found it equally ingenious with that of the external. There are many entrances, each of which forms a regular street, with nests on both sides; at about two inches distance from each other. From every appearance, the nest which he dissected had been inhabited for many years; and some parts of it were much more complete than others.

Rook.—This is a gregarious bird, sometimes being seen in immense flocks, so as to almost darken the air in their flight, which they regularly perform morning and evening, except in breeding time, when the daily attendance of both male and female is required for the use of incubation, or feeding the young; for it is observed that they do both by turns. As these birds are apt to form themselves into societies, such places as they frequent during breeding time are called rookeries; and they generally choose a large clump of the tallest trees for this purpose; but make so great a litter, and such a perpetual chatter, that nothing but habit, and a length of time, can reconcile one to the noise. They begin to build in March, and after the breeding season forsake their nest trees, going to roost elsewhere, but have been observed to return to them in August: in October they repair their nests.

Lapwing, or Tewit.—As soon as the young lapwings are hatched, they run like chickens; the parents show remarkable solicitude for them, flying with great anxiety near them, striking at either men or dogs that approach, and often fluttering along the ground like a wounded bird, to a considerable distance from their nest, to delude their pursuers; and to aid the deceit, they become more clamorous when most remote from them.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XLVI. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*Christian Wolf. A True Story.*

THE TRAVELLER.—*Manners and Customs of the Crim Tartars. No. I.*

LITERATURE.—*Anticipations of Public Opinion, in the year 2300, on the Poets of the present day.—Analytical Spelling-Book, by John Franklin Jones.*

THE DRAMA.—*French Opera.—First representation of Sappho at Paris.*

BIOGRAPHY.—*Memoirs of Pietro Giannone.*

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*The Cœa, or Tea-Tree of Paraguay.—Materials used in Writing.—Natural History.—Scientific and Literary Notices from Foreign Journals.—Naturalist's Diary for February, &c.*

CORRESPONDENCE.—*The Pilgrim. No. IX. including a Critique on Poetry and Poets.*

POETRY.—*To —, by H.*

GLEASER, RECORD, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—"The Inconstant Baltimorean; or the Pleasures and Pains of Sensibility, A Tale of Tears;" is left for the author with the publishers of the MINERVA.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAMLEY.

A specimen of letter-press printing, entirely new, has been exhibited in this city, which has for its object the prevention of counterfeiting bank notes. It has been got up at the type foundry of Mr. E. White, and the artist is Mr. E. Starr. From the appearance of the notes printed by this method, it is anticipated that greater obstacles will be thrown in the way of counterfeiters than they have hitherto experienced.

The importation of gunpowder into the United States, which usually amounted to 700,000 lbs. annually, was only 70,000 lbs. during the last year.

A flax and hemp gin has been put in successful operation near Columbus, in Ohio.

It is estimated, that there are printed in the State of New-York, eight millions and five hundred thousand newspapers annually.

There is a singular circumstance connected with Bideford bridge: the tide flows so rapidly, that the bridge cannot be repaired by mortar. The bridge corporation, therefore, keep boats in employ to bring muscles to it, and the interstices of the bridge are filled by hand with those muscles; and it is supported from being driven away by the tide entirely by the strong threads—these muscles fix to the stone work.

An improvement in surgery is announced in the Canada papers, which appears almost incredible. It is said that Wm. Sleigh, Esq. lecturer in Montreal on anatomy, physiology, and surgery, has discovered a method of extracting the urinary calculi, without touching the skin with a knife; that the actual operation does not occupy the eighth of a minute; and that it is attended with no more danger than that of bleeding in the arm. A stone, lately extracted by this process, weighed 798 grains: its circumference measuring, in two opposite directions, five inches each way, and the patient was well on the third day after the operation.

MARRIED,

Mr. George Christopher Blackwood to Miss Eliza Cook.
Mr. Sacket Leverich to Miss Cornelia Duryee.
Mr. William Steele to Miss Hamilton Marshall.
Thomas J. Harris, Esq. to Miss Sarah Jones.
Mr. James Rodgers to Miss Julia Ann Boyer.
Mr. Owen Griffin to Miss Mary Williams.
Mr. James Gray to Miss Sarah Goslin.
Mr. David Hurlbutt to Miss Julia Maria Higgins, daughter of M. D. Higgins, Esq.
Mr. Charles Comer to Miss Catharine Drummer.
Mr. William A. Spencer to Eleanora Lorillard.

DIED,

Mrs. Mary Jane Stevens, wife of Dr. Alexander H. Stevens.
Mr. James Quin, grocer, aged 32 years.
Miss Susannah Morris, in the 58th year of her age.
Mrs. Mary Waring, in the 55th year of her age.
On the 7th, Mr. Henry Daly.
Mrs. Catharine Fleming, in the 52d year of her age.
On the 8th, General John Swartwout.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a tint more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

Unconscious babe! thy peaceful breast
Is calm and happy now;
No cares disturb thy pleasant dreams,
Or cloud thy infant brow.

Refreshing dews of bliss are shed
Around thy life's bright morn,
Yet ah! beneath that quiet head,
Will rise full many a thorn.

What! though beneath noon's glowing rays,
Thy ripened charms may bloom,
Though gentle zephyrs wait around,
And waft a sweet perfume:

Alas! perhaps the mildew spot
May taint thy virgin white,
Or noonday's sickly, scorching beams
May blast thee ere 'tis night.

If still thou dost survive the tomb,
And eve beholds thy charms,
Think not to 'scape thy certain doom,
Or flee death's chilling arms.

For lo! from childhood's opening morn,
To youth's gay, sportive noon,
And still, to evenings pensive hour,
He looks behind thy bloom.

Sleep, innocent! for visions fair
Thy calm repose shall bless;
And oft thy smiling cheek shall feel
A mother's soft caress.

The thorns that wait life's gayest hours,
Can not thy young heart move,
For still a mother's gentle arms
Protect her infant love.

Ah! could thou know thy blessed state,
Thou ne'er would'st leave her breast,
But on that pillow soft reclined,
In lasting slumbers rest.

E—

HOW COLD IT IS.

Now the blustering Boreas blows,
See all the waters round are froze;
The trees that skirt the dreary plain,
All day a murm'ring cry maintain;
The trembling forest hears their moan,
And sadly mingles groan with groan.
How dismal all from east to west!
Heav'n defend the poor distress'd!

Such is the tale
On hill and vale;
Each traveller may behold it is;
While low and high
Are heard to cry,
Bless my heart, how cold it is!

Now lies Sir Fopling, tender woe!
All shiv'ring like a shaken reed!
How keent he air attacks my back!
John, place some list upon that crack;
Go, sand-bag all the sashes round,
And see there's not an air-hole found—
Ah! bless me, now I feel a breath,
Good lack! 'tis like the chill of death.
Indulgence pale
Tells this sad tale,
Till he in furs enfolded is,
Still, still complains,
For all his pains,
Bless my heart, how cold it is!

Now the poor newsman from the town
Explores his path along the down,
His frozen fingers sadly blows,
And still he seeks, and still it snows:
Go, take his paper, Richard, go,
And give a dram to make him glow;
This was thy cry,
Humanity:
More precious far than gold it is,
Such gifts to deal,
When newsmen feel,
All clad in snow, how cold it is.

And now, ye sluggards, sloths, and beaux,
Who dread the breath that winter blows,
Pursue the counsel of a friend,
Who never found it yet offend:
While Winter deals his frost around,
Go face the air and beat the ground;
With cheerful spirits exercise,
'Tis there life's balmy blessing lies.

On hill and dale,
Though sharp the gale,
And frozen ye behold it is;
The blood shall glow,
And sweetly flow,
And you'll ne'er cry, how cold it is!

THE LAMENTATION OF A MOUSE IN A TRAP.

Unhappy maid! within this wry cave,
Death's certain summons doom'd alas, to wait!
Shall curst Grimalkin's guts prove Mussy's grave?
So young!—in pleasure's spring to meet my fate!

Those jet-bead eyes that fired beholder's hearts,
This velvet skin, small ears, and needle claws!
Those whiskers, often stilled love's keenest darts,
Must they be crush'd within a murderer's jaws?

Was it for this, with dainties morsels fed,
From the scoop'd cheese, or bacon's tasteful side,
Mamma with tenderness her Mussy bred,
Clasp'd me, and call'd me still her little pride?

Oft would she cry—"My dear, my best lov'd care,
"Touch not your prey 'till well the place you scan;
"Grimalkin! of that monster, O beware!"
"And that more savage two-legg'd monster, man."

I, wretched I!—unheeded of her love,
My duty's forfeit now untimely pay;
Be warn'd by me nor thus rebellious prove,
Ye mice! but ah! your parents' love obey.

To poor papa had this sad hour been giv'n,
How would the sight his tender bosom wound!
But poor papa—such the high will of heav'n!
Last April day was in a cream-bowl drown'd.

And must I die! no more Squeekero's strain,
Squeekero! loveliest youth of hopeful mice!
Shall flatter home pay!—in hopes to gain
That heart, whose worth he swore was past all price.

His lengthen'd tail! but, ah, that tail no more,
Nor hero's form again shall bless my sight;
His wit which set the table in a roar,
Poor Mussy's soul shall ne'er again delight.

How oft, Squeekero, have you vow'd—"No pow'r,
"On earth, from your embrace should Mussy tear,"
Let not Grimalkin's spiked jaws devour,
But from this horrid cave your Mussy bear.

Methinks the fell devourer I espy,
With eyes like fiery suns that flash forth dread,
And tail like threatening comet rais'd on high,
And giant-paw, prepared to strike me dead.

No parent, lover, friend, at that sad hour,
On lightning's wings to fly with vengeful aid;
And can ye—can ye let the fiend devour,
Ah me!—our darling—your poor little maid.

Squeekero! parents! friends! like lightning fly,
Bring armies—quick—tear, rend this hated jail!
No parent, lover, friend, alas, is nigh,
Nor could whole armies in this case avail.

Ah, no! Squeekero! parents come not near,
Lest your fond heart should break to see me thus;
To your wise precepts had I leant an ear,
Poor Mussy had not fall'n a prey to puss.

The bait, which but a few short minutes past,
So tempting, now how hateful to mine eyes!
Repentance oft attends a liquorish taste;
From Mussy's fate, learn maidens, to be wise.

A certain judgment (such heav'n's wise decree)
Attends the wretch who not a parent hears,
But dark, the dreadful latch is rais'd, and see,
Have mercy, heav'n! a two-legg'd fiend appears.

She said, and trembling sweeps the wires, when lo!
Murderous Grimalkin; darting baleful fires,
Enters the room—all nature feels the blow,
Poor Mussy squeaks, and with a nip expires.

LOVE AND TIME.

Destin'd with restless foot to roam,
Old Time, a venerable sage,
Reaches a river's brink, and "Come,"
He cries, "have pity on my age.
What! on these banks forgotten I,
Who mark each moment with my glass!
Hear, damsels, hear my suppliant cry,
And courteously help Time to pass."

Disporting on the farther shore,
Foll many a gentle nymph look'd on;
And fain to speed his passage o'er,
Bade Love, their boatman, fetch the crone:

But one, of all the group most staid,
Still warn'd her vent'rous mates—"Alas,
How oft has shipwreck whelm'd the maid
Whose pity would help Time to pass."

Lightly his boat across the stream
Love guides, his hoary freight receives,
And, fluttering 'mid the sunny gleam,
His canvass to the breezes give:
And plying light his little oars—
In treble now, and now in bass,
"See, girls, th' enraptur'd urchin roars,
"How gaily love makes time to pass!"

But soon—'tis love's proverbial crime—
Exhausted, he his oars let fall:
And quick those oars are snatch'd by time,
And heard ye not the rattle's call?
"What, tired so soon of thy sweet toil,
Poor child, thou sleepest! I, alas!
In graver strain repeat the while,
My song—'tis time makes love to pass!"

Epigrams.

I scarce can blame thee, foolish Fly,
Vent'ring too near Elmira's eye,
For, giddy Fly, thou still delightest
To waltz where the beams are brightest.
And many a gaudy insect round
Doth court the death that thou hast found.

Says Murphy to Paddy, "You're surely an ass,
To shut both your eyes, and then look in the glass!"
Says Paddy, "You blockhead, I wanted a peep,
To see what a beauty I look'd—when asleep!"

"The instant," cried Richard, "I find the sweet maid,
On whose rosy-tint'd cheek is pure virtue displayed;
Who is free from all artful, coquettish vain pride,
That same moment I'll make the dear charmer my bride,"
"If till then," answered Will, "you think fit to tarry,
You never, I fear, my dear fellow, will marry."

YOU CAN'T IF YOU WILL.

Where there's a will, you're pleas'd to say,
A man may always find a way;
I would you'd make the fact appear,
For here, in jail, I've been a year,
And, tho' my will is very stout;
No way I find of getting out!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to the will,
Despise not the value of things that are small!"

Answers to Charades in our last.

I.

The man who instructs, entertains, and inspires,
I conceive is an author named Cox;
The second to that, though no person admires,
Is a Comb, that's lock'd up in a box.

II.

The place which sustain'd the attack of ten years,
Is Troy, once so famous in yore;
And Weight is a thing which oft plainly appears
To press down the weight of threescore.

NEW PUZZLES.

RIDDLE.

The artist, inviting the aid
Of Judgment, of Taste, and of Skill,
Such colours has never display'd,
And I firmly believe never will.

As my riddle is known to disclose
By the aid of a reflecting pow'r,
Yet do not believe I impose,
When I tell you—'tis merely a flow'r.

Which adorneth the husbandman's cot,
Or enameled the edge of the plow;
How blest are those men in their lot,
If their bosoms are strangers to pain!

CHARADES.

I.

My first a man, that is lost to all sense
Of honour, and virtue, and shame;
Who makes Liberty's cause a blind, and pretence,
For disgracing his station and name.

My second's an animal, I have been told,
Which resides in a far distant clime;
But whether domestic, capricious, or bold,
Excuse me for naming in rhyme.

My whole, like a fatuous, will lead men astray
From reason, religion, and right;
'Tis more to be dreaded than known beasts of prey,
That prowls after food in the night.

II.

My first is a circular motion,
My second's a body of water;
My whole, I've a very great notion,
Has sometimes been fatal as slaughter.

CHRONOLOGY.

The Christian Era.

- 572 Death of Liuva, King of the Visigoths, in Spain. His brother Leovigildis succeeded.
- 573 Death of Alboin, King of the Lombards, by the treachery of his wife.
- Irruption of the Huns. The French repulsed them from Thuringia, which they had laid waste.
- 574 Cleph, King of the Lombards, murdered by one of his servants. His dominions were divided among his generals.
- The Armenians, shaking off the Persian yoke, were protected by the Emperor.
- The Avari passed the Danube, and took possession of several towns in the East.
- 575 Justin the Emperor, falling into a state of insanity, his Empress, Sophia, obtained peace of the Persians.
- Cruel wars among the Kings of France, which lasted several years.
- 576 Chosroes defeated by Justinian, a Roman general, and pursued into the heart of his dominions.
- 578 Death of Justin the Emperor. Tiberius II. his son-in-law, acknowledged his successor.
- 579 Death of Chosroes, 80 years old, having reigned 48 years. He was succeeded by his son Hormisdas II. the most cruel tyrant that ever reigned in Persia.
- Eighty martyrs put to death by the Lombards for refusing to eat meat offered to idols.
- 580 Antioch thrown down by an earthquake.
- 582 The Saxons, after invading Italy, returned to Germany.
- Persecution in Spain by Leovigildis, the Arian King of the Goths.
- Death of the Emperor Tiberius II. who was succeeded by Mauritius of Cappadocia.
- 583 Pestilence in France.
- 584 Chilperic, King of Soissons, being killed at the chase, was succeeded by his son Clotaire II.
- 585 Death of Leovigildis in Spain. His son Recaredo succeeded, and abjured Arianism.
- 587 Earthquake at Antioch.
- 588 The city of Paris consumed by fire.
- 589 Complete victory gained by Philippicus over the Persians.
- Inundation of the Tiber at Rome followed by a plague.
- Union of the two empires of China under the dynasty of the Soui.
- 590 Accession of Gregory the Great to the Papal See.
- Pestilence throughout France.
- Death of Autharis, King of the Lombards, by poison.
- The French laid waste Lombardy.
- Hormisdas, King of Persia, slain for his cruelty, and succeeded by Chosroes II. who taking refuge with the Emperor, was, by him, restored, the year following.
- 591 Agilulphus, general of the Lombards, espousing the Queen, was baptized, and proclaimed King.
- 592 Romania and Tuscanay laid waste by Arnulphus, a chief of the Lombards.
- 593 Death of Gontran, King of Orleans and Burgundy. His nephew, Childbert, succeeded him.
- The Gascons, people of Spain, crossed the Pyrenees, and settled in the country called Gascony.
- 595 Agilulphus, King of the Lombards, threatened to besiege Rome.
- 596 Almost all Italy laid waste by the Lombards.
- Augustine the Monk, sent into England by Pope Gregory, to preach the Gospel.
- Death of Childbert, King of Austrasia. His son, Theodebert, succeeded in Austrasia; and Thierry, in Burgundy.
- 599 Dreadful Plague in Africa.
- 600 Istria laid waste by the Sclavonians and the Avari.
- Civil War in France.
- Clotaire defeated by Theodebert and his brother Thierry.
- 602 The Lombards gained a victory over the Romans.
- Phocas proclaimed Emperor by the soldiers.
- 603 Liuva, son of Recaredo, reigned in Spain for 23 years: was killed by Vittem, who usurped the throne.
- Chosroes made war on the Romans. This war lasted 18 years.
- Phocas sent his and his wife's picture to Rome, and was there proclaimed Emperor. The Lombards prepared for war.
- Chosroes defeated the Roman army.
- 604 Death of St. Augustine, first bishop of Canterbury.
- 606 Death of Pope Sabinianus: his body was cast out of the city, for refusing to distribute the grain of the church among the poor.
- Narses, a Roman general, accused of traitorous correspondence with Persia, implor'd pardon of Phocas, who, after promising him mercy, ordered him to be burnt alive.

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